GUTTERBALLS

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SC.1 - INT: Bowling Alley-Night

A rowdy group of four guys in their early 20's guzzle beer and gawk at a group of four young attractive girls in the same age group.

LISA takes a small bowling ball out of a black leather bowling bag.

Her three friends, SARAH, CINDY and SAM laugh at her obvious stupidity as this is a ten pin lane, not a five pin lane where the small ball would be used.

Cindy

You brought the wrong ball Lisa.
We use the big ones here.

Lisa looks dumbfounded.

Lisa

I've never seen balls that big
before. They look heavy.

The rowdies laugh at this. Lisa looks over and gives them the evil eye.

Sarah

Just ignore them. Steve's still
pissed that you never fucked him
at senior prom.

Cindy

Yeah, you screwed his best-friend
instead.

Lisa puts her small ball away and picks up a big one. She can barely lift it.

Lisa

I didn't really want to go with
Steve in the first place.
I just used him to get to JAMIE.
And I got him alright.

Enter Jamie, BEN and DAVE. These three handsome young men are friends of the cute girls.

All are girls except for SAM, who is a transvestite with a big mouth.

As Lisa bends over to bowl, we see her coochie. She's not wearing panties. The guys all stare in disbelief. Steve licks his lips.

Ben

We got here just in time.

Jamie and Dave smile. Steve and his gang also sneak a peek.

The girls notice to.

Sam

I wish I could go commando.
But I have to wait until the
operation.

Dave

Damn. There goes my hard-on.

The guys laugh and go get a pitcher of beer.

The pretty blonde Lisa bowls a gutter-ball and becomes the target of verbal abuse.

ROWDY ONE

You need some real balls Lisa.
I have just the pair.

He grabs his crotch.

ROWDY TWO

Sit the fuck down AJ. She
doesn't need no set of marbles.

AJ sits down as the alpha male of the group makes his presence known. His name is STEVE and he is an asshole.

Steve

Lisa needs a real man,
one with experience.

Lisa's group chimes in and the trading of insults begins.

Sam and her big mouth is intent on starting a fight.

SAM

And what Steve is your area
of expertise?

Being that Sam is a transvestite, this makes Steve and the other rowdies uncomfortable.

Sam walks with a gay lean around Steve and continues the banter.

Sam

Would you call your-self
(pause) a ladies man?

Lisa and Carrie laugh at Steve's expense.

Steve

I sure as shit ain't no faggot
you Goddamn tuck-in.
So I guess that does make me a
pussy-hound. And my area of being
an expert you was asking about…
tell em boys.

Rowdy 3 downs his beer, slams the mug on the table and gets in Sam's face. His name is PAT.

Pat

Bashing queers,
you're good at that Steve.

Pat grabs Sam's arm and starts to drag Sam towards the rear exit. AJ and Rowdy four assist in the struggle.

AJ

Let's take this dirt-pusher
out-side and stomp a mud-hole in
his ass.

The two teams get into fisticuffs.

Jamie and his pals notice the melee and run over to assist.

Jamie steps up to Steve. He's not intimidated by him or their past relationship as best-friends now enemies.

Jamie

Put Sam down…or (interrupted)

Steve

Or what? You sweet on her now.
She turn you faggot.

AJ

We all knew you was starin' at us
in the locker-room Jamie. Wouldn't
be no surprise.

Jamie

I think Lisa could tell you
different. Right Steve?

Steve

(to his cronies)
Put the queer down. We got
bigger fish to fry.

AJ and the others drop Sam to the floor. They move towards Steve and Jamie who are about to get into it.

Sam

(flustered)
I haven't been man-handled like
that in a long hard time.

Jamie

It's just you and me Steve.
One on one.

Ben

Dave and me will make sure of that.

AJ and the other two rowdies are kept at bay as Jamie swings at Steve, catching him upside the head. Steve shakes it off and swings hard, landing a blow to Jamie's gut, winding him.

Jamie steps back a couple of feet catching his breath but not

before Steve lands a hard blow to Jamie's jaw, knocking him into the girls.

Cindy

Get him Jamie.
Kick him in the balls!

Sarah

(to Cindy)
Do guys do that to each other?

At that moment Jamie comes up with an uppercut, sending Steve smashing into a table.

Jamie follows Steve with a fury of blows, he's kicking his ass.

Steve looks down and sees a beer mug and grabs it.

He swings it at Jamie, smashing it across his face.

Jamie collapses to the ground, dazed, spitting out blood.

Lisa

Jamie! No!

Steve

Shut your face cunt!

Steve pushes Lisa aside.

He walks slowly around a painfully moaning Jamie and smirks.

Steve

You think just because you
fucked some whore I took to
the prom that you're better
than me?!

With this, Steve kicks Jamie hard in the ribs.

Jamie

(gasping for air)
I was drunk…I didn't mean…(interrupted)

Steve kicks him again.

Steve

To what, didn't mean to stick
your dick in her pussy?
What, you slip and fall into it?

Steve steps over near Jamie and raises his foot to stomp his head when suddenly a 16 lb. bowling ball comes crashing down onto his foot. Crushing his bowling shoe covered foot with a sickening thud.

Steve collapses in agonizing pain. He looks up to see Lisa was the ball dropper.

Steve

You fucking bitch!

Lisa

Shut your face. You cunt!

At this time THE JANITOR of the bowling alley appears and breaks up the fight. He holds a 12 gauge shotgun in his hands.

Janitor

You Goddamn kids better
hit the road before I call
the cops. I let you stay late and
this is the thanks I get?
Lisa, you okay dear?

Lisa

(annoyed)
I'm fine, just leave me alone!

Cindy

Let's get the fuck outta here.
Jamie come on hun.

Cindy and Sarah help Jamie up to his feet.

What about the game? We still have a tournament to play. Does anybody give a shit about our bowling league?

Sam

It’s only a game sweetheart.

Dave

I’ll be out a hundred bucks if these assholes beat us by default.

AJ

We already won! Look what that bitch did to Steve’s foot. He can’t play now, we’re short a man.

Sarah

We are to! Look what that asshole did to Jamie. He can’t play like this.

Jamie

I’m okay. I can play.

The Janitor is getting flustered now. He pumps the shotgun.

Janitor

I told you once already. Go home! You can play tomorrow night. Just cool your Goddamn heels. I’ll let you play after hours if you all just promise to behave.

Steve

(to Lisa)
You fucking little cock tease. I’m gonna get you for this.

Sarah

You started this Steve. We came here to bowl and you had to fuck everything up.

Cindy

As usual.

Dave

Come on. Let's just leave. We'll beat their asses tomorrow.

Sam

Black and blue baby.

A.J.

How bout it Steve? Let's go. PATRICK and JOEY will get you to a doctor. I gotta go home. I work in a few hours.

Ben

(mocking)
You still deliver papers A.J.?

Dave

Yeah, he does. I caught him peeping in the window. My moms window. Cock out and all. Pervert.

A.J.

That's bullshit and you know it.

Ben

I believe it. And if I catch you beatin' it outside my house I'll blow your Goddamn balls off.

Sam

Where can I get a subscription?

Janitor

Enough! Are you kids all homos these days? Balls this, dicks that!? When my balls dropped, all I could think about was pussy.

Lisa

That's just gross. I don't wanna hear that.

Sam

I do.

Jamie has had enough to. He's ready to leave.

Jamie

Are we done here?

Patrick

We done…until tomorrow night.

Joey

That bet is still on the table.

Dave

Double or nothin'?

Patrick

Bring your wallet asshole.

The teams part ways. But not before Steve steals Lisa's purse when no one is looking.

Janitor

You kids all leave your bullshit at home tomorrow night. You hear me?

Jamie

There won't be any trouble.
I can promise you that.

Janitor

Boy, don't be writing cheques
your ass can't cash.

Lisa and her team leave out the front. Steve and his cronies leave out the backdoor.

Cut to:

Sc. 2 - Ext. Bowling Alley Parking Lot- Night

Jamie and the guys walk the girls to Sarah's car.

Steve and his gang are nowhere in sight.

Ben

That was pretty fucking
awesome Lisa.

Jamie

And pretty stupid to.

Lisa

I'm sorry Jamie. Don't
be mad at me.

Lisa starts to cry.

Cindy and Sarah comfort her.

Sam

You big bully. She was
protecting you and this
is the thanks she gets?

Jamie

I can look after myself.

Ben

Steve's foot squashed like
a fucking grape. You see that
shit?

Dave

He'll still bowl. He's their
best player. The guy's a fucking
machine. He'd bowl his own severed
head if he had to.

Sam

Can I ride with you guys?

With this, Ben and Dave get into their car. Sam gets in the backseat leaving the door open for Jamie.

Jamie

Call me later Lisa.
And thanks.

Cindy

She'll be okay.

Sarah

See you guys tomorrow.

Sarah smiles at Ben and blows him a kiss.

Lisa's tears are getting the best of her. She goes looking for a tissue in her purse. She finds that it is not there.

Lisa

My purse. Hey, have you
guys seen my purse? (sniffles)

They look back towards the alley.

Ben

(yelling from car)
Get home safe!
And see you tomorrow night.

Ben and the guys, Sam to, peel out leaving the three girls alone

in the empty parking lot.

Sarah

You must have left your
purse back inside.

Lisa is leaning up against her own car now and the other two girls debate what to do.

Cindy

The lights are still on.

Sarah

Come on Lisa, we'll walk you
to the door.

Lisa starts to walk towards the building.

Lisa

It's okay. Just watch me
to the door. I'll be fine.

Sarah and Cindy get into Sarah's car and start it up.

Sarah

You sure you're gonna
be okay?

Lisa

Yeah. The janitor's
my bodyguard. (giggles)

The girls laugh as Lisa walks up to the door and opens it up.

She disappears inside.

Sarah and Cindy drive off.

Cut to:

Sc.3 - Int. Bowling alley- Night

The janitor is buffing the bowling lanes.

He's wearing earmuffs as the noise is quite loud.

Lisa looks around. The place is empty. She doesn't want the janitor to know she's there.

She creeps over to the lane she was bowling at. No purse.

Lisa

Where the fuck is it?

She scans the alley. She wonders aloud.

Lisa

The coat-check?

She creeps over to the coat check and rummages around. Nothing.

Suddenly Steve and his henchmen appear.

They were laying in wait.

Steve

Looking for this?

He holds her purse up and before she can react he's got her by the throat.

Steve

I told you bitch. I'm gonna make you pay for fucking with me.

Lisa

(gasping for air)
Please…Steve…Don't…

Steve

(to his guys)
Hold her down. I'm gonna get what's been coming to me since Prom Night.

A.J. and the others hold her down as Steve rips open her shirt exposing her bra.

Joey

Damn. She sure has some
sweet tits.

A.J. grabs one of her breasts and squeezes hard.

A.J.

Real to.

Patrick

I thought we were just gonna
scare her?

A.J.

Oh she'll be scared alright
at the sight of my big
pecker. (snorts)

Steve

Would you all shut
the fuck up. You're ruining
the moment. Pat, you keep
an eye out for that old fucker.
You two spread her legs.

Lisa struggles to no avail as Steve rips off her bra and pushes up her skirt.

Lisa

(sobbing)
Why are you doing this?

Steve

Doing what? This?

He spits in his hand and rams it between her legs.

He thrusts into her.

Joey

That a boy Steve. You
fuck that pussy. Yeah baby!

The janitor is still waxing the floor.

He's on the other side of the bowling alley.

Patrick keeps a watchful eye, looking back and forth between the rape and the janitor. He's distressed to say the least.

Steve

You like that don't you?
My dick is bigger than
Jamie's ain't it bitch?!
Tell me!

He smacks her upside the head and continues the assault.

A.J.

Damn Steve. There's no
need to play rough.

For a moment we think he's serious until he breaks out laughing.

A.J.

You gotta be gentle with this
sweet thing.

A.J. grabs her hair and yanks it. Lisa screams under Steve's hand.

Joey laughs.

Steve

Oh yeah. Fuck, you're so tight,
I would of never of guessed
you's a whore.

Patrick looks on in disgust.

The sound of the waxer suddenly stops.

The group stops the assault and Steve's hand firmly muffles Lisa's mouth. She can't make a peep.

Joey

(whispering to Pat)
What the fuck is he doing?

Patrick doesn't know. He just looks on.

It’s dead silent.

Sc.3a - Cut to:

The janitor looks around the bowling alley, scanning it as though he senses something.

It’s tense for a moment.

Sc.3b - Cut to:

A.J.

We should get the fuck
outta here.

Steve puts his finger to his lips saying be quiet.

Sc.3c - Cut to:

The janitor looks back down at the waxer and then turns it back on.

He goes back about his job.

Sc.3d - Cut to:

The sound of the waxer intensifies as Steve gets back into thrusting away.

Joey

Hurry up. Shit A.J.
You wanna DP that bitch?
Cuz you know, time wise we may
not have a choice.

A.J.

No fucking way man. I don’t
wanna do no head butting with
you.

Patrick looks over at Steve who finally seems to be climaxing.

Steve puts both of Lisa’s legs over his shoulders and gives it to her hard.

A.J.

You look like Roger Rabbit!

Steve

You should've fucked me
back in the day bitch.
but no. Had to make me look
bad. How do I look now?
I'm gonna fucking cum.

Joey

Fill her up!

Steve finishes and moves out of the way.

A.J. rolls Lisa over and pulls her up.

Doggy style.

A.J.

(whispering into Lisa's ear)
No holes barred baby.
Balls deep.

He shoves in hard causing Lisa's eyes to wince with pain.

His hand muffles her screams.

Steve

You sick bastard.

Joey

Come on. Dammit. Hurry.

A.J. thrusts a few times but is a lot quicker to get off than Steve.

Steve

I'll be right back.

Steve exits, brushing by Patrick, bumping him along the way.

Joey

(nervous)
Where the fuck is he going?

A.J. pushes Lisa aside, spent.

A.J.

Joey. Get over here.
You better hit the pussy
I tore up that ass pretty
good.

Joey lays Lisa flat on her stomach and lays on top of her.

He starts pumping away.

Joey

Damn bitch move your ass.

Lisa is uncooperative. She's almost comatose.

Joey

Fuck. I can't cum.
Bitch won't even move.

A.J.

Well trade spots with Pat.
Hurry the fuck up.

Patrick looks sickened by the assault. He's pale.

Joey tries a little harder grabbing Lisa by the hair, pulling her head back.

Joey

Work with me here.

Lisa

(mumbling)
I can't…Fuck you…

Joey slams her head hard to the ground and seems to get off on the violence.

Joey

Yeah bitch. Here I cum!

He finishes and gets up.

Lisa lays there, beaten and bloody.

Patrick

Actually, I'm gonna pass.

A.J.

Pass my ass. Get in there and stick it to her.

Patrick

No. I don't feel like it. Besides, were running out of time. He's gonna be done with those floors soon.

Joey and A.J. stare down Patrick.

A.J.

(to Patrick)
Pussy.

Joey nods his head in approval. Patrick looks back at the janitor.

The waxer is still buzzing away.

Patrick

Let's get the fuck out of here. We're done.

Steve appears and pushes Patrick aside.

Steve

We're done when I say so.

A.J. and Joey look at Steve.

Joey

Come on man. Patrick's
right. Let's go.

Steve

Roll her over.

Steve reveals a bowling pin. He smiles and walks towards Lisa.

Patrick

Shit man. That's fucked up.

The guys roll Lisa over, she looks really bad.

Steve

Hold her down.

A.J. and Joey don't have to do too much. Lisa is almost passed out.

Lisa

Why?

Steve

There's a first…and a last time
for everything.

Patrick

Get off of her Steve.

Patrick steps in but gets held back by A.J. and Joey.

Steve's evil glare moves towards Patrick.

Steve

You in charge now Pat?
You calling the shots?

Steve moves towards Patrick and gets in his face.

Steve

You do it.

Patrick

What? I was…

Steve

Take the pin and fuck her
with it.

Patrick

What! No. Fuck that.
No I won't do it.

Steve grabs Patrick by the hair and pulls his head towards him.

Steve

Do it or I'll do YOU instead.

Joey and A.J. stare at the intensity in Steve's face.

Patrick is shaking.

Steve

(to A.J. and Joey)
Pull his pants down.

A.J.

Come on Steve. This is
fucked. Let's just go.

Steve

(to Patrick)
You know I will.

Patrick

Okay! Okay. Fuck.

Steve hands Patrick the pin and pushes him towards Lisa.

A.J. and Joey look sickened.

The event has turned horribly sour for all.

Patrick looks back at Steve almost pleading for him to call it
off.

But no such luck.

Steve

Come on boy. Do it!

Patrick drops to knees beside Lisa.

He looks into her eyes as she stares back.

There’s a sadness that the two share.

It’s almost as if she understands.

He moves her legs apart and starts to weep.

Joey

Call it off Steve.
Come on man.

Steve shoots Joey a look that shuts him up fast.

Patrick

(to Lisa)
I’m sorry…

He positions the pin, small end first.

Steve

Other end.

Patrick

What?

Steve

Use the big end.

Patrick

It won’t fit.

Steve

Make it.

Patrick

But Steve…she'll…

Steve

Do it!

He sinks the pin in deep. Her face contorts and twists.

A horrible sickening sound is heard.

Steve smiles.

Steve

Good man.

Patrick vomits next to Lisa. He starts to weep.

A.J. and Joey help him to his feet.

We see Lisa laying on the floor, a bloody pool has formed around her.

Part of the pin is sticking out.

Steve

(to Lisa)
Fuck with the bull…
you get the horns.

Sc.3e - Cut to:

The janitor turns off the waxer almost as if it was in perfect time Steve's final words to Lisa.

Sc.3f - Cut to:

The men look at each other and take off.

Lisa squirms on the floor.

She tries to get up.

It's an awful sight.

Cut to:

Sc.4 - Ext. Bowling Alley Back Alley- Night

Steve and the others are in one car.

Steve starts it up and hauls ass.

A.J.

(to Steve)
You think she'll tell?

Steve

No. She knows better.

Joey

Yeah. Who would believe a whore?

Patrick

I would.

Steve

Yeah? And who the fuck would believe you?!

The three guys laugh at Patrick as the car speeds off.

The night is over.

Cut to:

Sc.5 - Ext. Bowling Alley- Night

Titles come up. "The Next Night"

Sarah and Cindy have pulled up and are smoking a joint in the car.

Ben, Dave and Sam pull up next to them. They are drinking beer.

Sam

Where's Lisa?

Sarah

Jamie called and said he was going to pick her up.

Cindy

They should be here
anytime.

The guys get out of their car and lean up against Sarah's car.

Ben

(taking a toke from
Cindy's joint)
I hope there's no drama
tonight.

Dave

No shit. But don't
count on it. Those
assholes are always looking
for a fight.

Sam

And what happens if we win?
You know they'll start some
shit.

Sarah

If? Come on Sam. You
know were gonna kill them.
We are the better team.

Cindy

They'll bring their bitches
tonight.

Dave

Oh man, you think? Are they hot?

Ben

(referring to Cindy and Sarah)
Not as hot as these bitches.

Sarah

Classy Ben.

Sam

I wanna be someone’s bitch.

Dave

I meant to ask you Sam.
Do you pee in the ladies
room or the men’s room?

Ben and Dave laugh at Sam’s expense.

Sam

Ha ha, real funny guys.
I’ll piss on your face
if you want me to. That’s
what you like right?

Cindy and Sarah laugh. Sam puts Dave in his place.

Dave

Touché douche.

With this, A.J. and Joey pull up.

They get out and make a comment while passing by Sarah’s car.

A.J.

You ready to lose?

Ben

Do old people fuck?

A.J. and Joey continue on into the bowling alley.

Dave

What an asshole.

Sarah takes one last toke and butts the joint out.

Sarah

Let’s go in.

Cut to:

Sc.6 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

The janitor is disinfecting bowling shoes as the team enters.

A young couple puts their shoes on the counter and exits.

The alley is empty.

A.J. and Joey are loitering around.

Janitor

Thanks. Have a good night.

A.J.

I'd have a good night with that piece of ass.

Janitor

Looks to me you got your piece of ass standing next to you.

Joey

Very fucking funny old man.

A.J.

Hey, maybe you can answer this question. Do old people fuck?

Joey

I bet the only action your old cock sees is a catheter and a piss bag.

Janitor

Boy, mind your mouth. I'm doing you guys a big favor, letting you bowl after hours you know.

A.J.

Yeah, we know, you remind us every time.

At this point, Sarah and the others walk in. They get into the conversation.

Cindy

We know you love us.

Janitor

If it wasn't for you
girls, I'd be making
these assholes pay.

Sarah

Don't let us stop you.

Joey

Make sure to spray those
shoe's good. I don't want
no gangrene.

Janitor

Quit your bellyaching.
Here's your shoes.
And yours to.

The janitor hands the assholes the crappiest shoes he has.

A.J. and Joey look unimpressed, they exit.

He doles out good shoes to the good team.

They sit down and put the shoes on.

Ben

Where the hell is Jamie?

Dave

He should be here.

Sam

What if Steve gets here first?

Sarah

There won't be any trouble.

Cindy

I hope not.

Sam

Just in case, I brought my secret weapon.

Sam takes out a switchblade and shows it off to her friends.

Ben

Where the fuck did you get that?

Sam

I bought it when I went to Mexico. (meh-he-co) I packed it in my stow-away luggage.

Dave

Someone's gonna take that knife and shove it up your ass if you're not careful.

Sam

It's just for show. Really. I wouldn't be able to use it.

Sarah

Let's hope you never have to find out.

Cut to:

Sc.7 - Int. Bowling Alley Entrance- Night

Steve and two bimbos have entered. He has one girl on either side.

His crushed foot is in a cast and he's got crutches to move along.

Steve

I parked my car in the Handicapped spot. It Better not get towed.

Janitor

If it doesn't have a thingy hanging from the rearview mirror, it's at risk.

Steve

(angered)
You're at risk of getting this crutch shoved up your wise ass old man if I don't see my car there in an hour.

Janitor

Here's your shoe. And shoes for the ladies.

The janitor hands Steve one shoe for his good foot.

Janitor

And pull a sock over that cast. I don't need it scratching the lanes all to hell.

HANNAH

Steve, you want me to roll it on for you? Just like a condom.

Steve

Yeah sure. Just hurry up. and you (to JULIE) make yourself useful and get me a pint.

Janitor

Let me get over to the bar first kid. I can't be in two places at once.

JULIE

Why not? (she's really stupid)

The Janitor rolls his eyes and leaves the counter. He heads over to the bar.

Julie

Okay Steve. No head right?

Steve

(smirking)
Not until after we leave.

Julie leaves as Hannah tends to Steve's cast.

Cut to:

Sc.8 - Int. Bowling Alley Entrance- Night

Jamie and Lisa walk in.

Lisa is wearing quite a bit of make-up to cover the bruising.

She isn't smiling, neither is Jamie.

Jamie

(yelling)
Steve!

Steve turns around startled to see the couple. Lisa actually showed up.

Jamie walks right up to Steve and gets in his face.

Jamie

Nice cast.

Steve is relieved. He thought the cat was out of the bag.

Jamie and Lisa walk off to their team. Steve looks confused.

Steve

She showed up.

Hannah

Who?

Steve

Lisa. That bitch that
just walked by.

Hannah

She's pretty hot. Is
she into girls?

Steve

(smirking)
She probably is now.

Hannah

What do you mean? Now?

Steve

I mean hurry the fuck up!
I have a game to play.
Fuck!

Cut to:

Sc.9 - Int. Bowling Alley Bar- Night

Dave is waiting for the janitor/barkeep to pour him a beer.

Julie comes up and stands next to him. She smiles.

Dave

Hello.

Julie

Hi there. Are you here
to bowl tonight?

Dave

Yeah. I guess your with
Steve. On his team?

Julie

I’m not WITH Steve but yeah
I’ll be playing.

Dave

Oh. I thought you know, you
Were Steve’s girlfriend or
something.

Julie

Defiantly a something.

Dave

Something else. That’s
for sure.

Julie

You’re pretty sweet.

The janitor shakes his head and passes them each a pint.

Dave hands the janitor a ten dollar bill before Julie can
Pay.

Dave

I got them. Don’t worry
about it.

Julie

Oh. It’s not for me.
It’s for Steve.

Dave

In that case let me
piss in it first.

Julie

(laughing)
Okay.

Dave

Seriously?

Julie

Why not? He’s an asshole.
The only reason I hang out
with him is because he’s
fucking my girlfriend Hannah.
Sometimes I join in.

Dave

Wow. Steve is one lucky
son of a bitch.

Julie

(holding up the pint)
I’d say his luck just
ran out.

The janitor sighs as the kids walk towards the bathroom.

Sc.9a - Cut to:

Sarah and her team are warming up.

Jamie and Lisa walk up.

Ben

Look who showed up.

Jamie

Lisa took forever.
Getting all pretty.

Lisa is not smiling. She’s quiet as she ties up her shoes.

Sam

Look at those barbarians.

We see Steve and his team gathered.

They are looking over at Lisa.

Sarah

He’s got a hard on again
for you Lisa.

Sam

(yelling)
Take a picture it will last
longer.

Lisa

(monotone)
I have to go to the
bathroom.

Cindy

Bring back Dave. We’re
gonna start soon.

Lisa walks away.

Cut to:

Sc.10 - Int. Bowling Alley Men’s Bathroom- Night

Dave is pissing in the glass. Julie watches, smiling.

Dave

Hey! No peeking.

Julie

What about touching?

Dave shakes off his dick and puts the pint down.

They start going at it.

Julie pulls her shirt off and Dave kicks his shoes off.

His pants fly off next and she takes her bra off.

They are kissing throughout this ordeal.

Julie takes charge and gives an order.

Julie

Lay down.

Dave obeys and lies flat on his back.

Dave

It’s so cold.

Julie

Not for long.

She straddles him and rubs her breasts in his face. He takes her nipples in his mouth.

Julie

Guess what my favorite year is?

Dave is puzzled for a moment then smiles.

Dave

69?

With this she turns around and assumes the position.

Cut to:

Sc.11 - Int. Bowling Alley Steve’s lane- Night

Steve

Where’s my beer!

A.J.

Here. Have some.

A.J. passes Steve a flask. Steve takes a swig.

Ben walks over.

Ben

You guys ready to play?

A.J.

We’re waiting on Patrick.

Ben

Let’s break it down then.
Two teams. Three players
per team for the first set.
Okay?

Joey

Let’s do this.

Music starts and the lights dim.

Fog shoots out and the disco lights come on.

The game has begun.

Sc.11a - Cut to:

C/U of computer monitor score screen.

The names of three players from each team come up.

The first screen starts to spell out names and they read Sarah, Ben and Sam.

When each name is added and video game noise is heard. A Pac Man kind of noise.

The second screen reads Steve, A.J. and Joey

Suddenly a fourth name appears on the screen, BBK appears with an old school bleeping noise.

Sarah

BBK? Who the fuck is BBK?

Sarah walks over to Steve’s team.

Sarah

We said three per team.

A.J.

No shit. There is three per team. (pointing) Me, him and him.

Ben approaches.

Ben

Who the hell is BBK then?

Joey

I don't know. Who gives a shit. Let's bowl.

Sarah

I'll get the old man to erase it.

Steve

For fuck sakes let's bowl already.

Sarah looks over at the counter to see the janitor. He's not there.

Ben

Come on Sarah. You're first up.

Sarah

Should we wait for Lisa?

Ben

She's on the next team with me and Cindy.

A.J.

Come on. Move it.

Sarah

Okay. It's your funeral.

With this, Sarah and Ben go back to their team and Sarah grabs a ball.

Sam

Come on baby. You can do it.
Knock them down like you're
the champ!

Sarah launches the ball. It goes straight down the lane. Strike!

Sam and Sarah jump up with joy.

Sarah

Strike one!

A.J. and Joey look over un-amused. They turn back towards Steve who is hobbling over to the lane.

Steve picks up a ball. Hannah helps him along. He's having difficulties.

Hannah

Come on sweetie. You're
going to win. I wouldn't
be fucking a loser. No way.
Show me you can win.

Steve steps a little too awkwardly, twisting his cast.

Steve

Motherfuckin', cocksuckin' foot.

He lobs the ball and it veers off straight into the gutter.

Steve

Ahh shit!

Joey

(to A.J.)
It’s gonna be a long
night.

Cut to:

Sc.12 - Int. Bowling Alley Men’s Bathroom- Night

69 is in full effect.

Dave and Julia are going at it hot and heavy.

We see the door open to the bathroom. They don’t.

We see a black-gloved hand holding a bowling pin cross frame.

They don’t.

We get a full view of the 69ing couple.

Dave

(nose ass deep)
Oh baby… You smell like
roses… and your pedals…
are so sweet…

His hands grope her breasts from underneath.

Dave

That’s it…ahhh…you suck
mean dick…yeah…right there…

Suddenly we go tight on his eyes.

Dave

Ouch! Damn…your teeth…
are scraping baby…

He disappears back in her behind. When suddenly…

Dave

Aw! Fuck! You're biting me!

He peers over to see "THE BOWLING BAG KILLER" holding Julia's head right down onto Dave's dick, suffocating her.

Julia's eyes reveal the panic. BBK has plugged her nose with his free hand and she can't breathe.

Julia's turning blue.

Dave

You motherfucker! Get off of…(muffled)

The Bowling Bag Killer has put all of his weight onto Julia's backside while still suffocating her.

Now Dave is being drowned in Julia's ass. He can't breathe.

The Killer steps on Dave's arms, pinning him.

The weight of Julia and BBK are too much for Dave. He can't fight back.

Julia's eyes roll into the back of her head.

Dave struggles, nose deep in Julia and for the life of him, can't get any air. He's being squashed to death.

The BBK thrusts Julia's lifeless head a few more times onto Dave's cock, making sure she's dead.

He let's go of her limp head and swivels around applying full force, pressing the final air out of Dave's body.

Dave's grasping, thrashing hands soon slow down and fall silent.

He is dead, death by 69.

BBK stands up.

We still have yet to see his face.

We've only seen his black leather gear with black bowling shoes and black leather bowling glove.

He walks over to the bathroom mirror and his head is finally visible but it is masked by a black bowling bag.

Crude eyeholes have been cut out and a jagged mouth has been

sliced into it, almost in a grinning fashion.

The handles of the bag lay on the front and back of his neck.

This is truly a disturbing bizarre sight.

BBK admires himself in mirror for a moment then exits frame.

Cut to:

Sc.13 - Int. Bowling alley- Night

Sam bowls a spare. The team is winning.

Sam

That’s the way, uh huh uh huh,
I like it.

Jamie

Good girl Sam.

Cindy

Where’s Lisa?

Sarah

She went to the bathroom.

Cindy

Does she seem strange tonight?

Jamie

She barely said a word
the whole drive here.

Cindy

It’s like she’s depressed.
She’s not her usual
airhead self.

Sam

Maybe it’s that time of
the month.

Jamie

And you would know Sam?

Sam

It’s just an educated guess.

Sarah

You’re probably right.
I get pretty moody on my rag.

Jamie

Sam, will you get a period?
You know, after the operation?

Cindy

She doesn’t have ovaries Jamie!

Sam

I bleed from my heart.
It’s hard you know. People
judge me and they don’t even
know me. (she tears up)

Sarah

It’s okay. We don’t
judge you Sam. We love
who you are.

Sam

Aww. Thanks guys. Look
at me, I’m a wreck. My
make-up is gonna be ruined.
Cindy, can you bowl for me?
I have to freshen up.

Cindy

Sure.

Jamie lobs his ball and knocks a couple of pins down.

Jamie

I'm sure Cindy will do
better than me.

Sam exits as Sarah, Cindy and Jamie continue.

Ben looks at the screen.

BBK is still listed.

As he looks, suddenly, a skull and crossbones appears.

Ben

What the fuck?

And then another skull and crossbones appears, with a "you lose" kind of computer sound.

Ben

Hey guys. Check this out.

Sarah and her team look at the screen.

Jamie

That's pretty fucking cool.

Cindy

What does it mean?

Jamie

I don't know, but why can't
I get a skull and crossbones?
When I get a strike.

Sarah

Don't you think it's weird?
There's this name. These
initial's and we don't know
who or where this person is.

Ben

It’s those fuckers. They’re just fucking with us. Do they think we don’t notice? BBK my ass.

Sarah

I just don’t get the symbol. It means death. Or am I wrong?

Cindy

We’ll keep an eye on them.

Cut to:

Sc.14 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

A.J. bowls a spare.

A.J.

Fuck yeah! You see that shit?

Steve looks un-amused.

Steve

So what! If my foot wasn’t so fucked I’d be bowling strikes.

Joey

Where’s that team spirit you had last night Steve?

Steve gives Joey a dirty look.

Steve

Speaking of team spirit. Where the fuck is Patrick?

Hannah is looking at the computer monitor scores.

Hannah

BBK is winning. Two strikes
I think.

Steve limps over to the screen.

Steve

A one-man team?

Joey

Not that shit again.

A.J.

It's a glitch. There is
no BBK.

Steve

At least not that we know
of.

Cut to:

Sc.15 - Int. Bowling Alley Ladies Washroom- Night

Sam is redoing her make-up.

She thinks she's alone in the bathroom until suddenly…a toilet flushes from inside the stall.

Sam

Hello? Lisa?

There's some more noise from the stall. Sam is curious but is more focused on her eye-liner.

Sam

I wish I had my liquid liner
with me. This pencil is dull.
honey do you have a sharpener
in your purse?

Again, there's some noise from the stall but no one is answering.

Sam starts to get creeped out a bit.

Sam

You know, you're starting to scare me. Who is in there? Hello?

Sam puts the eye-liner down and goes to investigate.

She goes up to the stall door and then kneels down to see what shoes can be seen.

Nothing, no shoes.

Sam

Okay. Is my mind playing tricks on me?

Again, another noise is heard, startling Sam as she tries to peek in the crack.

Sam

This isn't funny. I'm getting very irritated here. I'm going to go get the janitor if you don't speak up. What if your hurt or something?

Suddenly it's dead silence. No noise or anything else is coming from the stall.

Sam again tries to peer in but the crack isn't wide enough.

Sam is very nervous now and pulls out the switchblade.

Sam

(clicking it open)
I know someone's in there.

The silence is deafening. Sam gives up and turns to leave.

Sam

I don't have time for this.

As Sam goes to walk back to the bathroom counter, her legs get grabbed from below and from inside the stall.

She is getting pulled into the stall.

Sam

Let go!! I'll stab you.
I will!! You meanie!

This doesn't loosen the grip of the black-gloved hand around Sam's ankle.

C/U Sam's face in terror as she exits frame getting dragged.

C/U Sam's free hand gripping at the floor to no avail.

Cut to:

Sam vanishes into the stall.

Cut to:

Sc.15a – INT. BOWLING ALLEY – STEVE'S LANE

Steve is up to bowl again. This time he fares better, getting a strike.

Steve

Boo-ya!

Cut to:

C/U computer screen. A strike appears.

Cut to:

Steve sits down and A.J. bowls a spare.

A.J.

Fuck Patrick. We don't need him.

Joey

We're doing pretty fuckin' good on our own.

Hannah

Where is Julia? She went for your beer and never came back.

Steve

Go look for her. And bring me that drink.

Hannah

You guys want anything?

Joey

Yeah, a big fat wet pussy.

A.J.

Same here, but not big and fat.

Hannah

I'll see what I can do. You like any girls on the other team?

A.J.

Yeah, Joey likes the chick with the dick. Tuck-in.

Joey

Fuck you A.J.

Hannah

They have a tranny on the team? Pre or post op?

A.J.

I don't know. Why don't you ask the he/she.

Hannah

I will.

Joey

My guess is you'll find
it in the little girls room.

Cut to:

Sc.16 - Int. Bathroom Stall Ladies Bathroom- Night

Sam is staring up at "The Bowling Bag Killer"

She's holding her switchblade out in a feeble attempt to ward off the killer.

Sam

I'll do anything you
want. Please don't kill
me.

With those words, BBK takes the knife from Sam's hands and then places the pin next to Sam's mouth, nudging it a little.

BBK wants Sam to suck on the tip of the pin.

Sam opens wide and starts licking and sucking the pin.

Sam

Is this what you like?
Yeah. I suck a good dick.
Oh yeah. I'll suck yours…
Okay?

Sam moves his hand toward BBK's crotch and BBK pushes it away. He wants no BJ and shakes his masked head saying no.

Sam
Okay. I won't touch you.
but how about me. You
want to touch me?

Sam goes back to licking the pin and BBK shakes his head "yes".

Sam pulls up her skirt and starts to "untuck".

BBK's hand moves towards Sam's crotch.

Sam

Oh yeah…baby…touch it.
I know you like it.

BBK forces the pin deeper into Sam's mouth. Sam gags and pulls it out.

Sam

You like it rough? Okay.
Anything you want baby.

BBK shoves the pin back in.

Sam starts deep-throating the pin, he gags and then resumes when suddenly a slicing sound is heard.

Sam's eyes widen with fear and then clench in pain.

Cut to:

C/U Sam's severed cock and balls drop on the floor.

Cut to:

BBK holds Sam's bloody switchblade in his hand.

Cut to:

Blood pours out between Sam's legs, onto the phallus.

Cut to:

BBK rams the pin down Sam's "deepthroat" as far as it will go and when it will go no further, BBK pushes a little harder causing it to stretch out Sam's throat and neck.

With one final, brutal push, the pin goes in even deeper, breaking Sam's jaw along the way.

Sickening sounds of bones crunching and flesh ripping are heard.

Sam collapses to the floor.

Cut to:

C/U Sam's face grotesquely distorted and stretch with the ass end of the pin sticking out obscenely.

Cut to:

Sc.17 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

Ben is looking at the score on the computer screen when suddenly BBK gets another skull and crossbones, his third.

Ben

Our friend just scored again.

Sarah

This is bullshit.

Jamie

Don’t lose your concentration.
Somebody is fucking with us.

Cindy

I’d put my money on the
Steve and his goons.

Ben

I’m going to go snoop
around. You guys still
have a few frames to bowl
anyways.

Ben exits as Cindy lobs the ball down the lane. She splits the pins.

Cut to:

Sc.18 - Int. Bowling Alley Ladies Washroom- Night

Hannah enters. The lights flicker as she walks slowly by the stalls.

Every door is closed.

Hannah

Julia? You in there.

She knocks lightly on the door. No answer.

She pauses then steps to the next stall and knocks.

Hannah

Hello?

No answer.

She walks to the final stall, which is slightly ajar.

This is the stall Sam was killed in.

Hannah pushes open the door and it’s empty.

Hannah goes in and shuts, locks the door.

She notices the toilet seat lid is down.

She takes some toilet paper and uses it as a shield as she lifts up the lid.

The toilet is empty.

She pulls down her panties and squats to pee.

She is peeing when she hears the bathroom door open.

Hannah

Julia?

No one answers. Dead silence.

Hannah

I guess not. Okay?
You don’t have to be rude.
You could say something
whoever you are.

Hannah finishes pissing and flushes the toilet.

She opens the door and standing there is Lisa!

Staring blankly at her.

Hannah

(confused)
Can I do something for you?

Lisa doesn’t answer, she just stares.

Hannah

Are you mute?

Lisa shakes her head side to side slowly “no”.

Hannah

Okay? Then do you mind moving out of my way?

Lisa steps aside as Hannah brushes past her and goes to wash her hands.

Hannah

I’m looking for my girlfriend Julia. She’s hot. Have you seen a hot girl, other than me, around here?

Hannah starts to dry her hands and turns around to talk to Lisa some more. But Lisa isn’t there. She’s gone.

Hannah goes to the stall, the door is open, just as she left it.

There’s no sign of Lisa and she was just standing there.

Hannah

Fuck. This is just like a bad fucking horror movie.

Hannah exits the bathroom.

Cut to:

Sc.19 - Int. Bowling Alley- Near Bar

Hannah is making her way to the bar to get Steve’s drink and to find Julia.

On her way she sees Ben at the counter, already getting a drink poured from the janitor.

Hannah

(to herself)
That girl was fucking weird.

She scans the alley. No Julia in sight.

She walks right up to the bar.

Hannah

(to the Janitor)
Can I get a pint?
Whatever you have on tap
is fine.

Ben takes up an interest in this hot piece of ass.

Ben

So, you're on the losing
team? Because you're not
on my team, the winning team.
But it's not too late…to cross
over.

Hannah isn't really paying attention to the words coming out of Ben's mouth.

Hannah

Hey, you haven't seen the
other pretty girl from my
team here, have you?

Ben knows the girl she's talking about.

Ben

Last time I saw your friend,
she was with you and with the
dickless wonders over there.

Janitor

I poured a beer for a cute
lady here a awhile back.
She left with one of his
pals.

The janitor motions to Ben.

Ben

My friend? Dave. No.
Dave and pussy go together
like oil and water. You sure?

Janitor

I'm sure as shit son.
They went off that way.
Together.

He motions to the change rooms and restrooms.

The janitor hands Hannah the pint. She in turn hands it to Ben.

Hannah

Here. Can you take this and
Steve? Please. I need to find
Julia.

Hannah doesn't wait for an answer, she just leaves Ben standing there holding the pint.

Ben

Yeah…Okay…

The janitor looks at Ben and shakes his head.

Janitor

What did you say your name was
again? Matt?

Ben

Huh?

Janitor

Door-mat? Ha.

The janitor is getting a good chuckle at his own joke.

Ben

Yeah? Like I'm gonna
give this icy cold pint
to that asshole.

Ben starts to walk off, chugging the pint back.

Ben

Dave that lucky bastard.

Ben slams the empty glass on a table and walks back towards his team.

Cut to:

Sc.20 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

The good team is beating the bad team.

Steve is pissed.

Steve

I send two girls off to get me a drink. You'd think they went to the liquor store? Christ!

A.J.

You do bowl better inebriated.

Joey

They're probably licking each other clean.

A.J.

(smirking)
Why don't I go and find out?

Steve

For one, there MY bitches. For two, there's only three of us standing here right now and those assholes are winning. And for three, the only thing those cunts will be licking are my balls after this game.

Joey

Speaking of balls. I gotta get mine waxed.

A.J.

Ah shit man. That's strictly faggot stuff.

Joey

Not my nuts A.J. My bowling ball. Besides, how would you know that fags wax their balls?

A.J. ignores the question and bowls.

Steve looks at Joey.

Steve

Hurry up. And bring me back a motherfuckin' beer.

Joey

You want me to put out an all points bulletin on your women?

Steve is not impressed.

Steve

What are you still standing here for?

Joey exits with his ball.

Cut to:

Sc.21 - Ext. Bowling Alley Exit Doors- Night

A black bowling gloved hand wraps heavy chains around the door handles and padlocks them.

No one is getting out, alive.

Cut to:

Sc.22 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

Hannah is looking for Julia.

She walks into a desolate area, quite some distance from her team.

She sees Julia's clothing scattered along the floor.

Her clothing has been laid out piece by piece.

Hannah starts to collect the articles of clothing.

Hannah

I see you've left a trail
of breadcrumbs for me.

Hannah makes her way over to a life-size cardboard standee of an smiling elderly couple holding two balls high in the air.

The caption on the standee reads "Bowling: Who needs Viagra?"

She looks at the standee then back down to Julia's g-string panty laying below the bowling shoe which is attached to the standee.

She grabs for the g-string and pulls. It doesn't want to come out from beneath the shoe.

Hannah

Come on! I'm trying to
help you out Julia. Why
do you always have to…make
things…difficult?

With this, the shoe suddenly lifts up and the cardboard standee falls aside, revealing the Bowling Bag Killer holding the two "real" 16 lb. bowling balls high above Hannah's head.

Hannah

Nice costume buddy. You
freaked me out!

With those last words, the two balls come down like a pendulum, smashing Hannah's head into a bloody pulp.

Blood sprays everywhere as her brain pops out from her head like a seed from a grape.

Cut to:

C/U on Hannah’s brain landing on the ground with a sickening thud.

Cut to:

Hannah’s pulpy, bloody head lands face-first into the ground along with the rest of her body.

Her hands still twitch in a grotesque fashion.

BBK looks down at her lifeless body and tilts his head, admiring his work.

Cut to:

Sc.23 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

C/U Scoring monitor.

The skull and crossbones comes up with a beeping noise again.

Cut to:

Sc.24 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

Sarah and her team are in the lead.

Sarah

It’s only a matter of minutes.
And we’ve won this game.

Jamie

Don’t count out BBK yet.

Cindy

Oh no, another fucking whatever
it is.

Ben sits down and wonders aloud.

Ben

Sam and Lisa are nowhere in sight. Dave is fucking one of Steve's whores. This night is getting pretty fucking interesting.

Sarah

And don't forget BBK.

Ben

How could I forget our mystery bowler? Who seems to be doing pretty good, if skulls and crossbones means strikes. He's the leader by far.

Cindy

What makes you think BBK is a he?

Jamie

IF BBK is even a real person.

Sarah

What the fuck does it stand for anyways? Bowling something some-thing?

Ben

Bowling Ball something. BB is bowling ball for sure.

Jamie looks over at Steve.

Jamie

Maybe he knows.

Cut to:

Sc.25 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

Joey is at the wall-mounted ball-waxer.

A sign reads “Caution: Hot wax” “Place in ball and press start”

Joey puts the ball into the steel bowl apparatus and accidentally touches the red hot metal with his finger.

Joey

Ouch! Fucking thing!

He presses the start button and the ball slowly revolves as it’s waxed to a mirror finish.

The ball-waxer makes a buzzing noise as the ball spins.

Joey

Yeah baby, wax my balls.

Suddenly the ball-waxer starts making a grinding noise.

Joey

That doesn’t sound good.

Joey shuts off the waxer and carefully lifts the ball out using the finger holes in it.

He notices deep scratches in the ball. The ball also is kind of melted on one side.

Joey

What the fuck?!
Piece of shit scratched
my ball! It’s all fucking
warped now!

He looks inside the ball-waxer and there’s a screw that has come loose sticking up. The machine is smoking from the heat.

Joey touches the screw. It’s hot and won’t budge. The machine is fucked.

Joey

That old fart better replace
my ball.

He exits frame.

Cut to:

Sc.26 - Ext. Bowling Alley- Night

A black gloved hand dials a number on a cell phone.

A phone rings.

Cut to:

Sc.27 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

The janitor shuffles over to the ringing phone.

He picks it up.

Janitor

BALLS TO THE WALLS. Hello?

There no answer on the other end.

Janitor

Hello? Anyone there?

Cut to:

Sc.28 - Ext. Bowling Alley Side of Building- Night

We see the same black gloved hand with the cell-phone in one hand and tin-snips in the other.

The hand pulls some wires and starts cutting as the janitor's voice in heard through the cell phone.

Janitor
(off camera)
Who the hell is there?
I'm going to…

Suddenly the janitor's voice is cut off as the phone line is

snipped.

Cut to:

Sc.29 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

The janitor looks at the phone.

Janitor

Strange. Went dead?

He hangs up the phone and then picks it back up.

No signal.

Janitor

Dead as a Goddamned doornail.

He hangs it up.

Joey approaches. Pissed off.

Joey

Your fucking waxer ruined my ball!

Joey holds the ball out to the janitor.

Joey

It’s yours now. I want a new one.

Janitor

You pressed down too hard. You just have to let the machine do the work. I don’t see it as a malfunction at the junction son.

Joey

There’s one inch of sharp screw embedded in the bottom. It’s fucked! End of story. Now get me a new ball.

Janitor

Use one of the balls
by your lane.

Joey

Those balls are used.
I want a NEW ball.
Do you understand?

Janitor

Calm down. Look, I'll
have to open up the
store. You go back to
your lane and I'll bring
you over something
brand spankin' new.

Joey

Okay, no dickin' around.
I have a game to win.

Joey exits back to his team.

The janitor inspects Joey's ball.

Cut to:

Sc.30 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

Steve is looking over at Jamie.

A.J. is trying to figure out why the pins aren't being reset on their lane.

Joey appears and grabs a ball off the rack.

He notices the pin-setting machine is broken.

Joey

Now what! First my ball
and now our lane is bust.

They look down at the machine that keeps resetting itself but not

the pins.

A.J.

Your ball?

Joey

The waxer scratched it to shit. You ever use one of those things?

A.J.

I was going to. But not anymore.

Joey

(looking down the lane) Well what about this?

A.J.

It’s automatic. Just wait. It’ll reset them in a second.

Joey

What the fuck do you think I’m doing? The thing keeps going up and down, up and down. I tell ya, it’s fucked.

A.J.

It will fix itself. It always does.

Joey

Why don’t you go back there and take a look.

A.J.

Me? Why don’t you do it yourself? Lazy motherfucker. Or get the old guy out here.

Steve intervenes.

Steve

Look. The old fucker isn't around. I just looked. My bitches are missing to. Pat never showed up. Those fuckers are toying with us.

A.J.

Yeah. Them and this BBK cocksucker. They're in on it together.

Joey

I'm gonna go back behind the lanes and fix this pin-setter. I want to finish my frames and get the fuck outta here.

Steve

And you think a screwdriver's a drink. Good-luck back there.

Joey

It is a drink Steve. Just because some of us don't drink a keg of beer a day doesn't mean we don't know a thing or two about a thing or two.

Joey exits down the far lane and disappears into the shadows.

A.J.

Speaking of beer. Where is that frosty pint of yours?

Steve sits back down, his foot still in pain.

Steve

Since you brought it up. Why don't you go get me a beer A.J.? Joey will be awhile. Make yourself useful. And bring me back my whores.

A.J. doesn't like being treated like a "gopher" but he does what he's told anyhow. For fear of a beating. He walks off muttering to himself.

A.J.

Yeah I guess you and that gimp foot of yours is really useful…ya bastard.

Cut to:

Sc.31 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

Lisa exits the women's washroom and walks smack dab into Patrick!

Patrick is looking at Lisa with sadness in his eyes.

Lisa doesn't want to look at him.

Patrick

Lisa. I'm…so sorry. They… made me do it. I tried to stop them.

Lisa

It doesn't matter anymore.

Lisa leans against the wall. She still won't look at Patrick but she is talking to him for what it's worth.

Patrick

I wasn't going to show up.
But I had to see you. I
had to see…if you were hear
tonight. I'm so sorry Lisa.
Please forgive me.

Lisa

Are you scared Patrick?

Patrick

Scared?

Lisa turns to Patrick and looks into his teary eyes.

Lisa

You came hear to see if
I had gone to the cops.
you're scared of being
caught.

Patrick

I didn't mean to…

Lisa

You raped me!

Lisa's demeanor grows angry as she grabs Patrick by the shirt collar and pushes him hard against the wall.

Lisa

Was it good? Did you
cum hard!

She grabs his crotch and twists. Patrick winces in pain.

Patrick

Please Lisa…don't do this.

Lisa

Don’t do what Patrick?
This?

She twists harder, digging her nails through his jeans into his scrotum.

Lisa

You think “sorry” will
get you off so easy?
You got off last night.
Tonight’s my turn.

She let’s go and Patrick crumples to the floor, balls aching.

He looks up only to see the back of Lisa walking away from him.

Cut to:

Sc.32 - Int. Bowling Alley Bar- Night

A.J. walks up to the bar. The janitor has just surfaced as well with Joey’s new ball in hand.

Janitor

What’ll it be?

A.J.

Two bitches and a beer.

Janitor

I got the beer but I left
my pimp hat at home.

The janitor starts to pour up Steve’s third pint of the night.

A.J.

Do you know who BBK is?

Janitor

BB King you say?

A.J.

No! B B K. The fucker
that's beating us.

Janitor

Hmmm? I know those
computers act up from
time to time. Names
and scores sometimes
disappear, reappear.
Initials of past bowlers
pop up. Glitches you know.

A.J.

Glitches my ass.

Janitor

When I was your age…we
kept a scorecard. We had
to write everything down.
methodically. Same thing
with the pins. The pinsetter
was a person, not a machine.
Automation long since took
over everything. But people
(pause) people are still the
same. Still do the same evil
things. Automation can and
will never be able to solve
that problem. So it goes back
to the pinsetter theory.

A.J.

Which is what?

Janitor

Which IS some things are
best left in the hands of
a grown man.

A.J.

Okay? You've lost me. And we know your machines suck because ours isn't working. My teammate Joey went back there…to fix it.

Janitor

Dammit all to Hell boy! No one but employees allowed back there. It's dangerous. But you young bucks don't care…about consequences do you. You don't read the sign when it's one foot in front of you. Here take this.

The janitor hands A.J. an "out of order" sign and a roll of tape.

Janitor

Down at the other end of the alley you'll find the bowling ball waxing machine. You're dipshit of friend broke the thing. Tape this sign up for me. I don't need to be replacing anymore balls tonight.

A.J.

But what about…

The janitor knocks the pint over, spilling it and goes off to find Joey. He leaves with the new ball mumbling to him-self.

Janitor

These kids…fooling around.

A.J.

…the pint?

A.J. picks up the mug which has a sip left in it and drinks it.

Ho looks around. Nobody is in sight. Now's his chance.

He quickly goes behind the bar and pours another pint.

A.J.

Mean old bastard. Doesn't make any sense at all. Ordering me around.

He exits frame with the "out of order" sign in hand.

Cut to:

Sc.33 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

Ben and Cindy are cuddling up on the bench while Sarah and Jamie bowl.

Cindy

They would make a good couple.

Ben

Yeah. But I think Jamie still has a thing for Lisa.

Cindy

Really? Lisa is cool but Sarah is the shit.

Ben

THE shit is always a good thing as opposed to shit.

Cindy

Sorry I don't follow you.

Ben

It's okay. You're naturally blonde right!

Cindy laughs at Ben's slight at her. She nestles up to him.

Cindy

You know Ben, I really like you.

Ben

I really like you to.

She puts her hand on his face. Rubbing his cheek ever so slightly.

Cindy

When was the last time you had a girlfriend?

Ben

What you're really asking is when was the last time I got laid.

Cindy

No Ben. I'm just curious.

Ben

It's okay. I know I'm kind of a mystery to you guys. All the time I spend on the computer must make me some sort of an introvert.

Cindy

Those big words excite me.

Ben

Really? I didn't know I had such an effect on your psyche.

Cindy

There you go again Ben. You're turning me on.

She reaches her hand between Ben's legs and grabs his crotch.

Cindy

Or should I say, Big Ben.

Ben smiles as things get heated.

Sarah and Jamie are still bowling. They notice the “action” on the bench.

Jamie

Hey why don’t you get a room.

Sarah

Yeah, after the game. First things first right? And Ben, you’re up.

Cindy and Ben stop making out.

Cindy

He’s up alright.

Ben steps up to bowl and the conversation shifts gears as Lisa appears.

Sarah

(to Lisa)
Did you get lost on the way back from the bathroom?

Lisa

No.

Cindy

But I think Sam did.

Jamie

Where the Hell is that guy anyways?

Cindy

You still call her a guy.

Jamie

Well, until he loses his tackle, he’s a dude. To me at least.

Sarah

You know he doesn’t like that. Being called a guy.

Jamie

See! You said HE.

Cindy

Yeah you did Sarah. Busted.

Sarah

You know what I mean.

They all seem to get a kick out of this, all except Lisa, who stares off into the distance at Steve.

Ben approaches Lisa.

Ben

Earth to Lisa.

Lisa keeps staring at Steve.

She doesn’t pay attention to the ball Ben is holding out for her.

Ben

It’s your turn. Hello?

Sarah and Cindy look at each-other, confused by Lisa’s non-reaction.

Ben

Lisa!

Lisa jumps and turns toward Ben.

Ben

Are you okay? It's your turn. Here.

He hands her the ball and goes over to Cindy.

Cindy

You want to go for a walk?

Ben

You read my mind.

Ben and Cindy exit.

Lisa goes up and bowls a gutter ball. Jamie and Sarah are disappointed.

Jamie

(to Ben as he walks away)
Don't be too long.

Ben looks back and smiles as he walks out of sight with Cindy by his side.

Jamie grabs a ball and steps up to bowl. Sarah approaches Lisa.

Sarah

You know Lisa. We've noticed…that you seem… distant tonight. What's wrong?

Lisa

Nothing (pause) is wrong.

Sarah

But you seem different. Are you mad about…

Lisa cuts Sarah off.

Lisa

I said nothing is wrong!

Lisa storms off. Sarah goes to run after her but Jamie grabs her by the arm.

Jamie

Just leave her alone. It's just her rag.

Sarah

Just because a girls emotional doesn't automatically mean that it's that time of the month. Fucking men!

Sarah grabs a ball and lobs it down the lane. Jamie shakes his head.

Cut to:

Sc.34 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

A.J. has made his way down to the ball-waxer.

A.J.

This must be what the old coot is going on about.

A.J. takes a closer look at the warning signs, reading them aloud.

A.J.

Hot wax. Caution. Do not touch. Blah blah blah fucking people are so stupid.

He notices the screw sticking out of the bottom of the waxer.

A.J.

Hmmm. It's just a piece of metal. Just…pull it… out.

He licks his fingers and goes to grab it. Like the spit will

cool the heat.

A.J.

Ahh! Fuck. That is hot.

He takes a closer look, reading the instructions aloud.

A.J.

Place the ball in bowl.
Press button for wax.

He presses the button and hot wax shoots on his arm. He lets go of the button.

A.J.

Fuck!! Piece of shit.

He continues on, reading while he blows on his arm to cool the burn.

A.J.

Press "start" button…after
wax has…been dispensed.

He presses the "start" button and the bowl starts to spin very, very fast.

The screw spins around and around.

This is one mean machine.

A.J.

No shit his ball got scratched.
Look at that fucker go!

A.J. is leaning over the waxer, like the moron he is, when suddenly…The Bowling Bag Killer appears from behind and grabs A.J. by the hair while kicking his feet out from under him.

A.J.'s screaming head lands face first in the menacing, grinding waxer. A sickening sound is heard as BBK applies serious pressure down onto A.J.'s head.

Blood and skull, brains and teeth spray out from the machine as his head is ground into a bloody pulp.

A.J kicks and grabs with his arms to no avail.

Cut to:

C/U on A.J.’s head as it literally disappears like a pencil in a pencil sharpener. All that’s left is just the back of his skull and some hair.

It’s a disgusting blood bath.

Cut to:

BBK turns the machine off. A winding down noise is heard as BBK pulls A.J.’s limp body and what’s left of his head off camera.

Cut to:

Sc.35 - Int. Bowling Alley Store Room- Night

Cindy and Ben have entered a storage room and Cindy wastes little time getting out of her skimpy clothing.

She stands naked in front of a drooling Ben.

She plays with her nipples as she sexily approaches him.

Cindy

Do you like what you see?

Ben smiles, he’s in heaven. Well not really but he will be soon.

Ben

You are so fucking hot.

Cindy

I know I am.

Ben

Your fucking tits defy gravity.

Cindy

I want you in me right now.

Ben gets out his wallet and looks for the trusty condom.

Ben

Oh no! Shit!

Cindy

What is it?

Ben

My fucking rubber.
It’s gone.

Cindy

What are you gonna do
Ben? Settle for a
blowjob or do you want
my wet pussy?

Ben

The bathroom. There’s
A condom machine! I’ll be
right back.

Ben puts his shoe back on and hurries out of the room.

Cut to:

Sc.36 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

C/U monitor BBK scores again, the infamous symbol puts up with an all to familiar computer beeping noise.

Steve has had enough and decides to let the whole bowling alley know.

Steve

(at the top of his lungs)
Fuck!

He storms over towards the bowling alley entrance and tries the doors.

Surprise! They are chained from the inside. He pushes at the doors and they don’t budge.

Steve

Chains? I don't get it.
Why would he lock us in?
This is bullshit.

Steve turns and makes his way towards Sarah and Jamie, limping along the way.

Sarah

Here comes trouble.

Jamie

Don't worry about him.
He's a fucking cripple.

Sarah

But he still has one good foot
to stick up someone's ass.

Jamie

You like that kinky shit
don't you?

Sarah

Wouldn't you like to know.

Steve arrives as Jamie steps in front of Sarah.

Steve

What the fuck is going on
here?

Jamie

What does it look like?
We're beating your ass.

Steve

No! Look at the scores.
BBK just got another
strike! And the front doors
are locked from the inside.

Sarah

So? The janitor probably put them there. The place IS closed Steve.

Steve

Look around! My bitches are gone and everyone is fucking missing! And I never got my beer! And who the fuck is BBK?

Jamie looks at the computer screen and looks around.

Jamie

(to Sarah)
Steve’s got a point.

Sarah

What do you mean?

Jamie

Well, Sam and Dave are MIA. Lisa has come and gone and come and gone again. To where I have no idea. And all of our opponents, his teammates, have jumped ship.

Sarah

Your team is probably locked out. Go and get the old man to unlock the doors.

Jamie
People don’t just vanish into thin air. This is only a fucking bowling alley. There must be an explanation.

Sarah

The old man holds the key.

Steve

And I’m gonna go find him.

Steve starts to walk down Sarah and Jamie’s lane.

Sarah

Where are you going?

Steve

Joey went back behind the pins. And he never came out. The old guy went in after him. I’m gonna drag both of their sorry asses out here and get to the bottom of this mess.

Jamie

I guess it’s safe to say BBK won the game hey Steve?

Steve

Fuck the game, fuck BBK and fuck this fucking bowling alley!

Sarah

Poor loser.

Steve disappears behind the pins.

Jamie

You wanna play another frame? Just me and you?

Sarah

You mean you and I?

Suddenly off camera we hear the all to familiar sound of BBK’s infamous “kill” score.

Jamie

And him?

He motions to the screen, another skull and crossbones appears.

Sarah

Like Steve said, fuck BBK.
Let's play.

Cut to:

Sc.37 - Int. Bowling Alley Men's Bathroom- Night

Ben is looking at the novelties in the vending machine on the wall.

He reads aloud well fumbling for some change in his pocket.

Ben

French tickler? What
if she doesn't like to
be tickled? Let's see
what else is here?

Cut to and fro Ben and machine:

C/U on a couple of the condom names then back on Ben.

Ben

Black Knight? Is this
for a big black cock?
It could fall off of me.
Strawberry Delight! This
is good. It tastes like
strawberries.

Ben pulls out a loonie and talks aloud while he plugs it into the machine.

Ben

Who cares how it tastes
unless her pussy has taste
buds.

He turns the knob and the machine spits out the condom box right onto the floor.

Ben bends down to pick up the box revealing BBK behind him!

Ben is crouched down getting the box and doesn't see the bowling

pin coming down hard onto his head. CRACK!

Ben is stunned from the blow but not knocked out.

Ben

(groggy)
What did I do…

BBK positions himself behind Ben and holds Ben's head in place.

Before Ben can complete his question, BBK brings down the bowling pin directly into Ben's orbital socket.

Blood sprays out in gruesome fashion.

The pin pops Ben's eye like a grape and is driven deep into Ben's brains.

With a sickening slurping sound, the blood-dripping pin is pulled out and driven hard into Ben's other eye-socket.

Ben's legs twitch. He is dead.

Cut to:

Sc.38 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

Jamie gets a strike!

Jamie

You see that! Damn I'm good.

Sarah

Lucky shot. I'll show you some natural talent.

She goes to grab her ball but it hasn't come out of the machine where the balls normally roll out of.

She looks and no ball appears.

Sarah

Where's my ball?

The machine makes a clunking noise, like something is blocking the balls from coming out.

Jamie

Something is stuck. I'll take a look.

Jamie goes to the exit hole, where the balls come out, and peers inside.

Sarah

Use that penlight I gave you. The one you said you'd never ever use. It's on your keychain remember?

Jamie

Hey! I've used this light a few times.

Off camera, another BBK score is heard. Sarah looks up at the monitor.

Sarah

Again? Damn. He must be pro.

He takes out his keys and turns on the penlight which shines into the darkness.

He sees something.

Jamie

I see something.

Sarah

Well. What is it?

Jamie reaches inside, struggling to keep shining the light in and reach in at the same-time.

Jamie

It feels like…No…This can't…

Sarah

What? Feels like what?

Jamie's face goes from puzzled to shocked as he retracts his hand in horror.

Jamie recoils as Joey's severed head rolls out leaving a slick trail of blood behind head.

Sarah screams and starts sobbing.

Jamie grabs her and steps back. They stare in disbelief.

Sarah

(sickened)
Who…is that?

Jamie

That's Joey. Well…his head.

Sarah looks around the alley. No one is insight. She panics.

Sarah

We gotta get out of here
Jamie! Look around.
Everyone is gone!

Jamie

Or dead. Let's go.

He quickly escorts Sarah towards the front doors, forgetting that they are chained. He tries the doors anyways. Desperate to get the fuck out.

Jamie

There's the side doors.

Sarah

Hurry!

They start to make their way to the side doors when suddenly…BLACKOUT!

The emergency lights come on but the alley is very dark.

Jamie

Shit. What next?

They slow down in the dark and stop to map their escape.

Jamie looks around. Sarah ponders.

Sarah

(tearfully)
Where is everybody?

Jamie

That's the million dollar question. And I don't have an answer worth shit.

Cut to:

Sc.39 - Int. Bowling Alley Storage Room- Night

The door starts to open letting light into the dark store room revealing:

Cindy, holding her shirt protectively up to her body just incase someone other than Ben walks in.

The door finally opens fully revealing BBK wearing Ben's clothing.

The masked killer stands there in the doorway, backlit by the emergency lights.

He has a pair of bowling shoes slung over his shoulder and the infamous pin clutched in his gloved hand.

Cindy

Get in here Ben! I'm freaked the fuck out. The light went off and it was pitch black in here! What took you so long silly?

BBK holds the pin up and walks slowly towards her.

Cindy

I like your mask. I
didn't know you were into
that kind of stuff.

She lowers her shirt as he approaches. Her breasts seem to captivate him for a moment. He stands there. Motion-less.

She grabs his arm and lowers the pin down by his side.

She reaches up to lift up his mask, he turns his head away.

Cindy

You want to wear it?
While you fuck me?

BBK nods his head "yes".

Cindy

Okay big boy. You have
the condom?

BBK raises up his other hand slowly, he's holding the "Strawberry Delight" condom box.

Cindy

How do you want me?

BBK slowly starts rubbing the pin between Cindy's tits.

Cindy

Oh yeah. I like it.

He moves the pin slowly around her erect nipples. Her eyes are closed. She licks her lips.

BBK slowly puts the pin on the ground and places his gloved hands on her body. Rubbing the sides of her smooth body and caressing her perky breasts.

Cindy

Oh… fuck me baby… fuck
me hard.

BBK moves his hands down to her hips and turns her around.

She starts to bend over, getting into position.

Cindy

Yeah? You like it this way baby. I do.

BBK rubs her back with one hand while he un-slings the tied together bowling shoes from over his shoulder.

He starts to grind into her from behind but his pants are on.

While he is slowly grinding to her moans, he takes a shoe in each hand, pulling them apart and pulling the knotted laces tight.

Cindy

Make me cum. Now! I can't wait any longer.

With those final words, BBK slings the shoes around Cindy's throat and pulls the laces as tight as he can.

Cindy gets pulled up and she desperately tries to grab at the lace which digs into her skin.

BBK twists the shoes, tightening the lace with each rotation.

Cindy can't breath and her chest heaves up and down, struggling for any last breath she tries to swallow.

Her nails scratch her own flesh and cause blood to trickle.

Cut to:

BBK tilts his head to the side, looking over her shoulder at her bouncing breasts.

Cut to:

Cindy struggles.

She is turning shades of deathly colors as the blood vessels pop in her eyes.

Cut to:

Cindy's legs buckle as she looses control of her bladder, pissing onto the floor.

She starts to slip in the puddle.

BBK holds firm. Tightening ever so harder as time passes.

Finally Cindy stops moving and hangs from the laces.

BBK lets go and she falls onto the wet floor like a rag doll.

Cut to:

C/U onto Cindy's purple tongue sticking grotesquely out of her mouth.

Cut to:

Sc.40 - Int. Bowling Alley Behind the Lanes- Night

Steve is in the dark. He's searching for the janitor and Joey.

He fumbles his way through a maze of machines.

Steve

Joey? Where the fuck are you?
Old man? You back here?

No answer from anyone.

Steve

There's some shit going down.
Joey! Come on man. Is
anyone the fuck back here?

Steve is getting more frustrated because of the lack of light and the lack of anyone around.

He stubs his toe on his bad foot on a corner of a machine he missed to see.

Steve

Ahh! Fucking foot!
Joey you prick I'm going
to fucking kill you if
you don't…(cut off)

Suddenly Joey's decapitated body drops and swings directly in front of Steve, knocking him to the ground.

Steve looks up and enough ambient light shines onto the headless body to reveal a blood-dripping neck stump with spinal cord and tendons hanging off like the raw meat that it is.

Steve

Joey! Oh man. I knew
shit wasn't right. It's
that fucking bitch!

Steve struggles to get up and as he stands, we see the silhouette of The Bowling Bag Killer standing a few feet away, pin in hand.

Steve turns and is startled by this mysterious figure.

BBK just stands there, he isn't moving, he's just watching.

Steve is shocked but quickly hikes up his shoulders and stands tall, ready for a fight.

Steve

Hey asshole. You do this?
You cut my friends fucking
head off?

BBK just stands there.

Steve

Take that fucking mask off.
I want to see your face…
(Steve clenches his fists)
as I beat it to a fucking
pulp.

Steve steps a bit closer. BBK doesn't respond.

Steve

Who the fuck are you!

No answer.

Steve

Did you do this?

BBK nods his head up and down yes. Steve has had enough and charges towards BBK as fast as a man with a fucked up foot can.

Steve

I'll fucking kill you!

Before Steve can make it a couple of feet, BBK has thrown the pin directly at Steve's head. It knocks Steve to the ground.

BBK approaches as Steve is lifting himself up again.

Steve

(a bit dazed)
Can't you do better than
that?

BBK quickly retrieves the pin and smashes it down onto Steve's head.

This blow is hard but doesn't quite knock Steve out, it more so disables him.

BBK quickly grabs Steve and places him bent over some machinery.

Steve

(groggy)
What are you…doing…?

Steve's head bleeds profusely as BBK positions Steve ass up.

BBK clicks open the switchblade and promptly slices Steve's belt off from behind. He then takes the blade and slices down the middle of the ass of the jeans.

Steve

You fucking…faggot.

BBK rips Steve's jeans right down the middle, exposing Steve's boxer's, which are promptly ripped open.

Steve lays there bare ass, struggling for consciousness.

Steve

Go ahead…nothing changes…
what I did to her…

With that, BBK rams the pin deep up Steve's ass.

Steve's face contorts and twists with the kind of pain no one should ever feel.

Steve

Ahhh! Just…fucking kill me.

BBK thrusts the pin back and forth. Steve rocks with the motion.

After a rather uncomfortable moment of this, BBK takes the switchblade and with one quick slice, severs Steve's jugular.

Blood sprays out all over as Steve twitches.

Steve is dead.

BBK removes the pin with a sickening pull and shakes it off.

Cut to:

Sc.41 - Int. Bowling Alley- Night

Jamie and Sarah are creeping through the alley.

They've made their way to a storage room but its dark as hell.

Jamie

Use your cell and call 911.

Sarah

The battery is dead. Don't you think that's the first thing I would've done.

Jamie

Fuck! How convenient.

Just as Jamie says this, the lights come back on and the all too familiar "death sound" of a BBK kill is amplified through the house speakers.

What's worse is the fact that all of the teammates that BBK has killed tonight have been placed in this storage room in an obscene menagerie.

Sarah pukes right then and there.

Jamie stands and stares at the carnage but is unmoved.

Sarah can't even look. She hides behind Jamie.

Sarah

(crying)
They're dead…we won't
make it… out of hear Jamie.

Suddenly The Janitor's voice is heard off screen along with the sound of a shotgun being pumped.

Janitor

(off camera)
You bet your ass you
won't.

Jamie and Sarah turn around and see the janitor, in BBK garb minus the mask, all sweaty and standing there leveling the shotgun at them.

Jamie

You weren't suppose to
kill the good guys old man.

Sarah looks up at Jamie who is staring intently at the janitor.

Sarah

Jamie…? What's going on?

Jamie ignores the question and positions himself in front of Sarah.

Janitor

Step aside Jamie. She's
gotta go. She's seen me.

Jamie

There'll be no more killing.

Janitor

I said move aside!

Suddenly Lisa's voice is heard off-screen.

Lisa

(off camera)
Daddy?

Lisa appears behind the janitor, she's also dressed in BBK clothing. She holds the infamous bowling bag mask in her hands.

Lisa

What is…?

Lisa screams as she sees her dead friends positioned among the "bad guys" dead bodies.

Lisa

What did you do!

Lisa starts crying as Sarah steps back away from everyone.

Sarah

(sobbing)
Lisa…what is happening?
Please…tell me.

The janitor still has his gun leveled at Jamie.

Janitor

(to Lisa)
It's okay dear. I got em.
I got em all.

Lisa

Dad! They were my friends!

Janitor

Where the hell were they
last night Lisa darlin'?

Lisa

They left!

Janitor

Exactly my point! They let you come back in and they let you get gang-banged! they're accessories. They're just as bad as the rest of em.

Jamie

(to the janitor)
We talked about this today. I was just as upset as you were.

Janitor

Are! Are boy! I'm still upset. This little bitch has got to go. And I got a good mind to rid us of you to boy

Jamie

(to Lisa)
Lisa, you gotta stop your Dad. This wasn't part of the plan.

Sarah turns to Jamie.

Sarah

Plan? Jamie…tell me what the fuck is going on!

Jamie

(to Sarah)
Lisa was attacked…

Lisa

I was raped!

Jamie

I found out when I went to pick her up. Her dad told me everything.

Jamie looks at the janitor.

Janitor

(to Jamie)
Tell her. Don't make a Damn bit of difference to me.

Jamie looks at Lisa then back to Sarah.

Jamie

Remember how Lisa never talked about her Dad? We never saw him. Well… this is him. BBK.

Sarah realizes now what it means.

Sarah

BBK. Bowling Bag Killer. But why is Lisa dressed up to?

Jamie nods over to the janitor.

Jamie

After he told me she Was raped last night, I was going to go kill Steve. But…I

Lisa

I thought of a way to get him. Get him good. All I wanted to do was get Steve back with the pin. And same with his team.

Sarah is confused as all hell.

Sarah

The pin. What do you mean?

Janitor

We sodomized Steve with a bowling pin…and then stuck him like the pig he is. Killed him.

Jamie

And his friends.

Suddenly another voice is heard off camera.

This time it's Patrick.

Patrick

(off camera)
Except me.

Suddenly Patrick appears in full BBK clothing, mask still on though.

Three killers!

Jamie and Lisa seem to be taken aback by this. Sarah doesn't know what the fuck is going on.

Janitor

(to Jamie and Lisa)
I needed a wild card. Someone who would do exactly as I told him to.

Lisa cries turn to anger as she moves over towards Jamie and Sarah.

Lisa

Daddy! He's one of them. You said you would get him to!

Patrick

I tried to stop Steve.
I tried to but he didn't
listen to me. He made me
do those things to you!

Janitor

Pat here called the house
Lisa and spilled the
beans about his involvement.
He was calling to say that
he was going to the
police. I put an end to that.

Jamie

How so?

Patrick moves in closer taking his mask off.

Patrick

He let me in on the plan.
The cops wouldn't dispense the
kind of justice last-night
warranted.

Lisa

(to the janitor)
How could you let him
live. Let him in on
it! He was there. He
raped me with a bowling
pin!

Janitor

I know honey, I know.
I needed him to do some
killin' for us…

He turns the gun onto Patrick and pulls the trigger, blowing Patrick's head off.

Patrick's body collapses to the ground amongst the rest of the carnage.

Janitor cont.

I don’t need him no more.

Sarah screams as Jamie rushes the janitor knocking him to the ground.

A struggle ensues.

The shotgun drops to the floor.

Sarah
(to Lisa)
How could you kill them Lisa? Cindy, Ben, Sam and Dave?

We cut to each one of these dead bodies as Sarah names them aloud.

Lisa

I didn’t know. It wasn’t…

Before Lisa can finish Sarah attacks her.

Sarah

They were innocent!

Lisa

Let go of me!

It’s a full on catfight.

Sarah

I don’t even feel sorry for you…

Lisa

They raped me!

Sarah

Steve did! Not your friends.

While the girls struggle, the janitor has got the best of Jamie and is punching him in the head repeatedly.

Jamie reaches for the shotgun, it should hopefully still have one shell in it.

Janitor

(to Jamie)
You little son of a bitch!
I was gonna kill you
anyways for screwing my
Daughter at the prom! She
was a virgin… you pervert!

Jamie grabs a hold of the shotgun and brings it up to the janitor's neck.

Jamie

She was…beggin' for it.

Jamie squeezes the trigger and the janitor's head instantly separates from his body in a blinding haze of blood.

The head lands in an open bowling bag mask and it falls over.

The janitor's headless body spurts blood and rolls off Jamie.

Jamie tosses the shotgun aside and gets up.

He gets between the girls, trying to stop their catfight.

Both girls have each-other's hair locked in their fists.

Lisa

Get this fucking bitch
off of me!

Jamie

Stop it! Both of you.

Sarah

You two are both fucked!

Sarah pulls away from the mess and tries to catch her breath.

Lisa looks over to find her Father dead and minus a head.

Lisa

Daddy!

Lisa goes to her Dad's corpse, sobbing over it.

Jamie

(to Lisa)
He was gonna kill me.
He had it planned the
whole time.
I had to do it Lisa.

Lisa scans the blood-soaked floor and sees the switchblade/

She looks like she has completely lost her mind.

As Jamie turns his back on her trying to catch his own breath, she reaches for it and flicks it open.

Lisa

You killed my Daddy.
You killed my Daddy!

Lisa lunges towards Jamie, he turns to see the knife plummeting down when suddenly a shotgun blast is heard.

Lisa takes the hit mid-chest and goes flying back.

Sc.41a - Cut to:

Sarah stands there holding the smoking shotgun.

Sarah

Crazy bitch.

Jamie looks relieved as Sarah walks past him and heads out towards the lanes.

Jamie follows.

Jamie

What about me?

Sarah pumps the shotgun

She stares at Jamie.

Jamie looks concerned.

But she squeezes the trigger blowing open the doors instead.

Jamie is relieved.

Jamie

I knew you would understand.

Sarah pumps the shotgun and turns it on Jamie.

Sarah

Like I said, you’re both fucked.

Fade to black.

We hear a shotgun blast.

The End.